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WELLS'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

WITH THIS NUMBER we complete our labors for the year, and make our last visit for 1880. We hope, however, to continue the acquaintance of all with whom we have had such pleasant intercourse for months and years now passed away. How well this year's work has been done our readers must say. We have conscientiously endeavored to give full value, both in beauty and usefulness, and when we look over the numbers of this volume now before us, with their hundreds of illustrations, a dozen colored plates, and more than three hundred pages of reading, we think our purpose has been accomplished, and that we have given our subscribers the full value of their subscription. Then, when we consider what a beautiful volume the numbers for the year will make, and how much information it will contain, at so trifling a cost, we settle down into the conviction that we have really done something toward making our friends both rich and intelligent.

Doubtless our readers have discovered all this long ago, and we are, therefore, wasting both time and paper, so will think a little about what can be done to make the winter home pleasant, and especially to secure a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This we wish all our friends most heartily, but we have never accomplished much good by only wishing. A good deal of happiness depends upon the disposition we cultivate, but none are independent of their surroundings. A few flow-

ers, a bright, green wreath, glistening with scarlet berries, the Holly and the Mistletoe, speak Merry Christmas to every eye and heart as plainly as though written in letters of golden light.

All our young people are, of course, interested in decorating the church for the great Christian festival, and we have often been both interested and pleased to observe the zeal and taste with which the ladies do this work, with a very little assistance, indeed, from those who are stronger, and more useful on such occasions. We will only observe that it is better to have too little than too much trimming, for it should not be made to resemble an evergreen bower, or a conservatory, but should appear like a church tastefully decorated in honor of Him whose temple it is. Wreaths and crosses are easily made, as we have shown in previous numbers of the MAGAZINE, while short scripture passages and mottoes are always appropriate. Letters cut from green or red flannel, or cotton-flannel, and cotton-batting, look well upon a suitable background, and after a pattern is once secured, are made with great facility. In making wreaths, do not forget to work in some bright berries, if they can be obtained by any means. A few of the bright-colored eternal flowers (*Gnaphalium*) will do about as well.

Decorations for the house require to be much lighter than for the church or any large building, and this is particularly so of wreaths. The

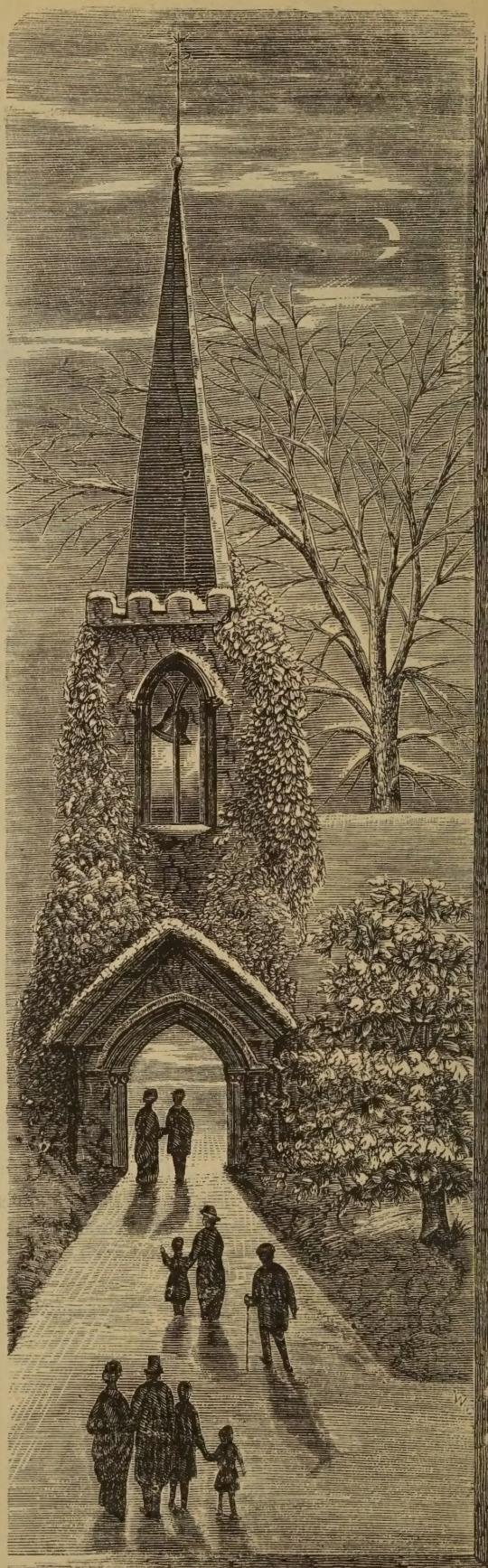
Ground Pine makes the lightest and prettiest wreathing for the house, and when Laurel, and Ivy, and Holly can be procured, nothing more need be desired, though, for excellence, the Smilax and Climbing Fern are unequalled.

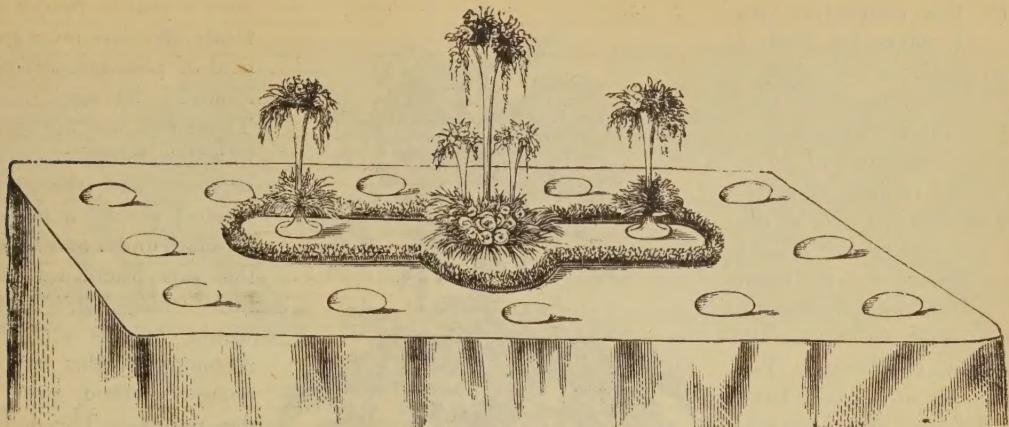
Floral ornaments arranged by tasteful florists into elegant and expensive designs, are made to softly speak to sorrowing hearts, and joyfully sing in hours of gladness. Florists in all our large cities furnish many designs, or forms, either of straw or wire, and with two or three of these our friends will be prepared to make up floral ornaments suited to almost any occasion, and very quickly. These forms are filled with damp moss, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, and in this way they are preserved several days. When the stems are short, or slender, they are fastened to small pieces of wire or wood. Half of a common tooth-pick is convenient, and these are inserted in the moss. A little patience and experience will enable any one to fill these designs with ease and taste.

The Everlasting Flowers and Ornamental Grasses, now to be obtained of several kinds, make admirable winter ornaments, but we know of nothing so graceful as the plumes of Pampas Grass. The best of these are grown in California, and in the best specimens the feathery portion is from eighteen inches to three feet in length. They are sold for about \$1 a pair, and can be obtained of several delicate colors, though, of course, this coloring is the work of the florist; nature produces a creamy-white, as we have endeavored to represent in our colored plate. To show the grace and beauty of the Pampas Plume in a picture is a difficult work, but we have succeeded pretty well.

Floral decorations for the table is a subject attracting attention all over the world, and this season large prizes were paid for the best exhibition of this kind. We have seen many gorgeously decorated tables at the exhibitions in Europe. Florists have for sale glass table-ornaments which we have shown in our engraving on another page. They have the advantage of being low, so that they do not prevent persons from seeing and conversing with friends on the opposite side of the table. The low margin is glass troughs filled with water, in which small flowers are arranged. Very pretty table ornaments, however, can be arranged without the least expense, with materials found in every household, and our artist has, with pen and pencil, shown one way in which it may be done.

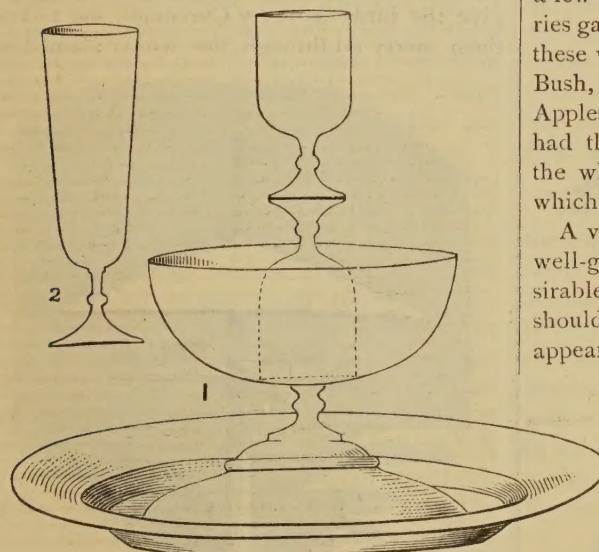
"A very excellent device for the dinner table may be arranged at little expense, but requiring some taste; the cost incurred will be for flowers





and fruits, the other articles being always at hand in any ordinary furnished cupboard. Take a large, round or oval platter, as in figure 1, place a saucer inversely within it; upon the saucer set a glass fruit dish, and into this put two goblets, their feet being first bound together with ribbon. Instead of the upper goblet, a tall glass like figure 2 may be used if thought best.

To fill this extempore standard, lay the Ferns and large leaves round the rim of the platter first, then place the saucer so that the stems will be held in place by it; next set the first dish in position, and fill the plate with fruit and a few flowers between for color; now set the goblets as shown in the illustration, hang Fern fronds, Smilax, or Ivy over the edge of the dish, filling in with Grapes or other fruits, which will hold the fronds and vines securely; finally,



put some fresh water in the upper goblet, and place therein a nice bouquet of choice flowers, with branches of Ivy, or other creepers, droop-

ing gracefully down to hide the goblet and break up the stiff outline which bouquets too frequently have.

Instead of the bouquet a small flower pot may be set in the goblet with a growing plant in it, and the pot hidden completely with drapings of Ivy or Smilax. Figure 3 shows this device when complete and ready to occupy the center of the table; but perhaps the whole might be seen to better advantage if placed upon a small box previously covered with a neat doyley. In this way a very fine display can be made, and usually without costing anything beyond a little time and good taste.

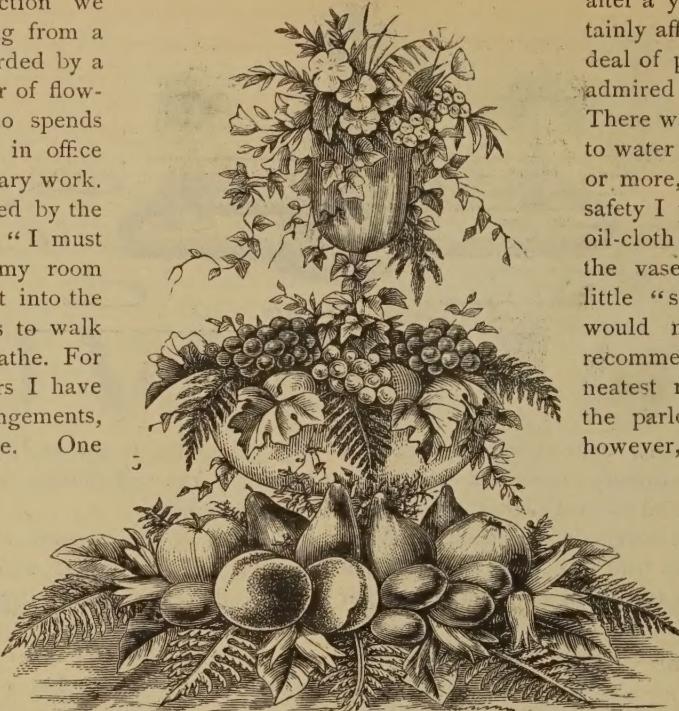
Last Thanksgiving I prepared one of the prettiest table ornaments I have ever seen, and it was done with so little trouble that I must describe it to your readers. It was composed of fruit and berries—a dozen Apples, perhaps, a few bunches of Grapes, and all the rest berries gathered from the garden and fields; among these were the beautiful Bitter Sweet, Burning Bush, Barberry, and several varieties of Thorn Apples, all of bright red colors. For variety I had the blue berries of the Virginia Creeper, the white Snowberry, and a little white berry which I believe is a Dogwood.

A very pretty thing for the dining-table is a well-grown plant. It may be in flower, or desirable for its foliage, but in either case it should be of good form and with a healthy appearance. I shall never forget the time when

I first saw plants used for this purpose. It was a good many thousand miles from my home, but it did much to give a home-like feeling to the place, and was particularly grateful to one who was just a little homesick. I sometimes place a large plant in the

center and a small one on each side, and occasionally make a little group of low plants in the center of the table."

In this connection we give an engraving from a photograph forwarded by a gentleman, a lover of flowers, and one who spends much of his time in office or library in literary work. It was accompanied by the remarks below: "I must have flowers in my room when I cannot get into the garden and fields to walk and think and breathe. For a number of years I have had different arrangements, for I like change. One year window boxes, then brackets, next flower stands, but last winter I provided something entirely new. Having a vase on the lawn, which was useless in the winter, I removed it to my library, placed it between two windows, and then filled it with good soil. I was somewhat troubled about the choice of plants, but by the assistance and advice of a good neighbor I happened to make a very fair selection, though I think

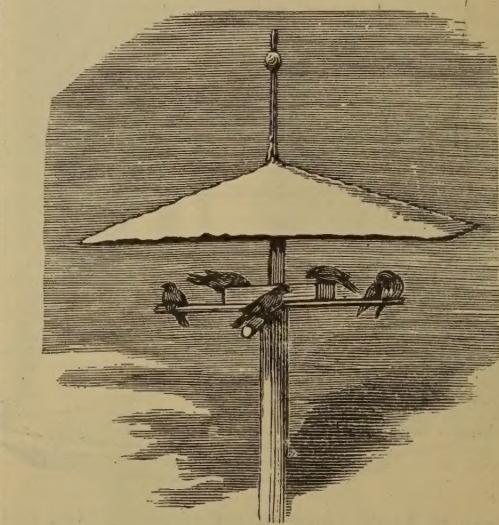


after a year or two, it certainly afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and was admired by my friends. There was but one place to water instead of a dozen or more, and, though for safety I placed a piece of oil-cloth under and around the vase, there was very little "slopping," and I would not be afraid to recommend this as the neatest method, even for the parlor. The ladies, however, I had forgotten, would not permit enough light in the parlor for a plant or fly to live. I think that perhaps there may be an idea in this that will please your readers and do good."

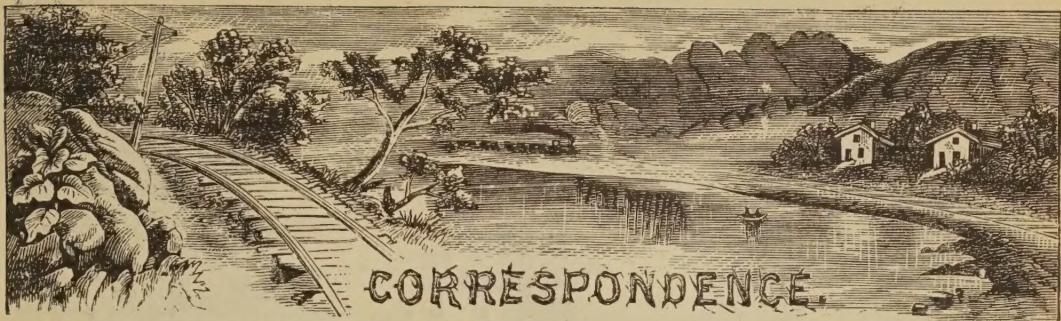
A neighbor who is a great observer of life out of doors, has already anticipated the wants of the birds, and proposes a Christmas present for them, similar to the accompanying sketch, which is simply a feed box and perches on top of a pole about four feet high, and a broad wood awning over all. He says: "The scraps from the table will be sufficient not only to give the birds a merry Christmas, but to keep them merry all through the winter; and I am



it might be improved another winter. I had one large, noble vase, instead of a number of small pots, and, though I might get tired of it



sure that the life and gaiety of the birds about the house through the dull season will amply repay such a kindly investment."



CORRESPONDENCE.

POTTING PLANTS.

So much has been said and written on this subject that the want of practical knowledge in those whom we might naturally suppose to be the best informed is incredible. Many enthusiasts imagine that by simply removing a plant from its summer bed, and by placing it in a pot, with abundance of water and a high temperature, all the requirements of nature have been complied with. Alas, the very means that are taken to secure their object, are those precisely which insure disappointment. The vitality and vigor of plants are due to an innumerable and invisible mass of roots, which are so tender that even an attempt to displace the growth above the ground instantly separates it from its source of nourishment below. We, of course, now speak of such plants as are well established, and whose term of existence is not ended at the season when removal becomes necessary to prevent their certain destruction by frost, if left to themselves. There are many amateurs who are unaware that the fine fibres or working roots, as they are called, and which are broken off by the removal of the plant, must be replaced before it can recover its pristine vigor.

If we remove a Rose-bush from the border, put it into a pot, deluge it with water, and then subject it to light and heated air, the result will be that in a month or so it will be useful only to the spider, whose suspension bridges will connect the dead branches. Had we taken the same plant, potted it in the same manner, watered it once and well, having previously cut down all the branches to within two inches of the main stem, and having allowed it in this state to remain for three months in a cool cellar, the result would have been different. The pot by that time is full of working roots, and by the introduction of the plant then to the light and heat, the manner in which it pushes out new buds and forms new wood is astonishing to a novice.

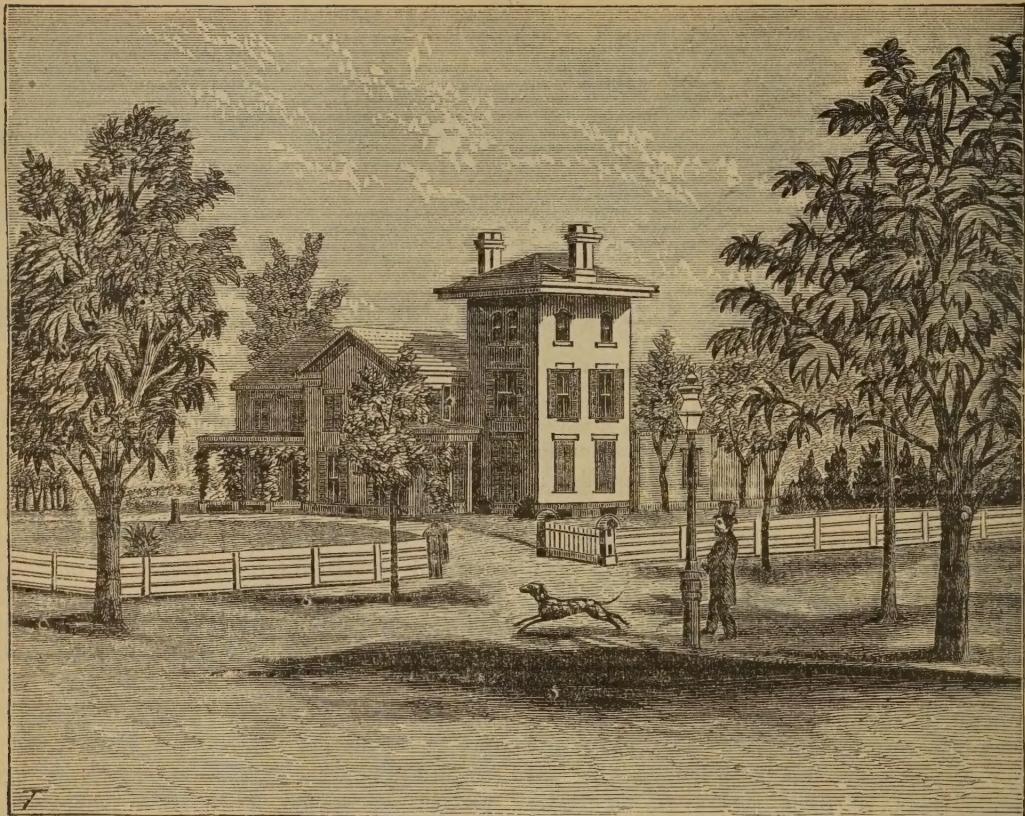
There are, of course, many exceptions to this general rule. A Canna, for instance, may be dug up in a rough way, and put into a mud

puddle in the corner of a greenhouse, and the hotter and lighter it is the more it seems to thrive.

One word as to the soil for potting. If we turn to the English authorities on this subject, we find that if their directions be implicitly obeyed, we may as well give up potting plants altogether. Prescriptions are given by them with such precision of detail as almost to require the intervention of an apothecary. We are ordered to construct an edifice at the bottom of the pot in the first place, for it seems that in England the moisture does not evaporate through the pores. Then come peat, sphagnum, leaf mold, and other materials, not without the inevitable "silver sand," adjusted with a nicety that appals a beginner. Now all this, in nine cases out of ten, is perfectly useless. Clay certainly must be avoided, but ordinary sandy loam, enriched with the rotten stuff from an old hot-bed, is all that is required, and if to this some common sand be added, so much the better. There are exceptions, too, to this general rule, but they are applicable to some cases into which it is, perhaps, unnecessary now to enter.—R. O'HARA, *Chatham, Ont.*

TREES IN AUTUMN.—I have been watching the trees this autumn, to see which would hold their leaves the longest, and I find that the Purple Beech and English Elm are as fresh as in August, while nearly all others are bare, or discolored, or half denuded. The Cut-leaved Birch retains its foliage, and it is of a beautiful yellow. Speaking of this tree, a person asked in my hearing, why the trunk was whitewashed. "The Lady of the Forest needs no paint," was the response.—NOVEMBER.

DEATH TO INSECTS.—A correspondent has been very successful in killing sow-bugs and similar other enemies of the florist with a solution composed of one pint of salt and one pint of soft soap dissolved in ten gallons of soft water. Dissolve the soap first, and then add the salt. Shower the leaves well.



ABOUT PARKS.

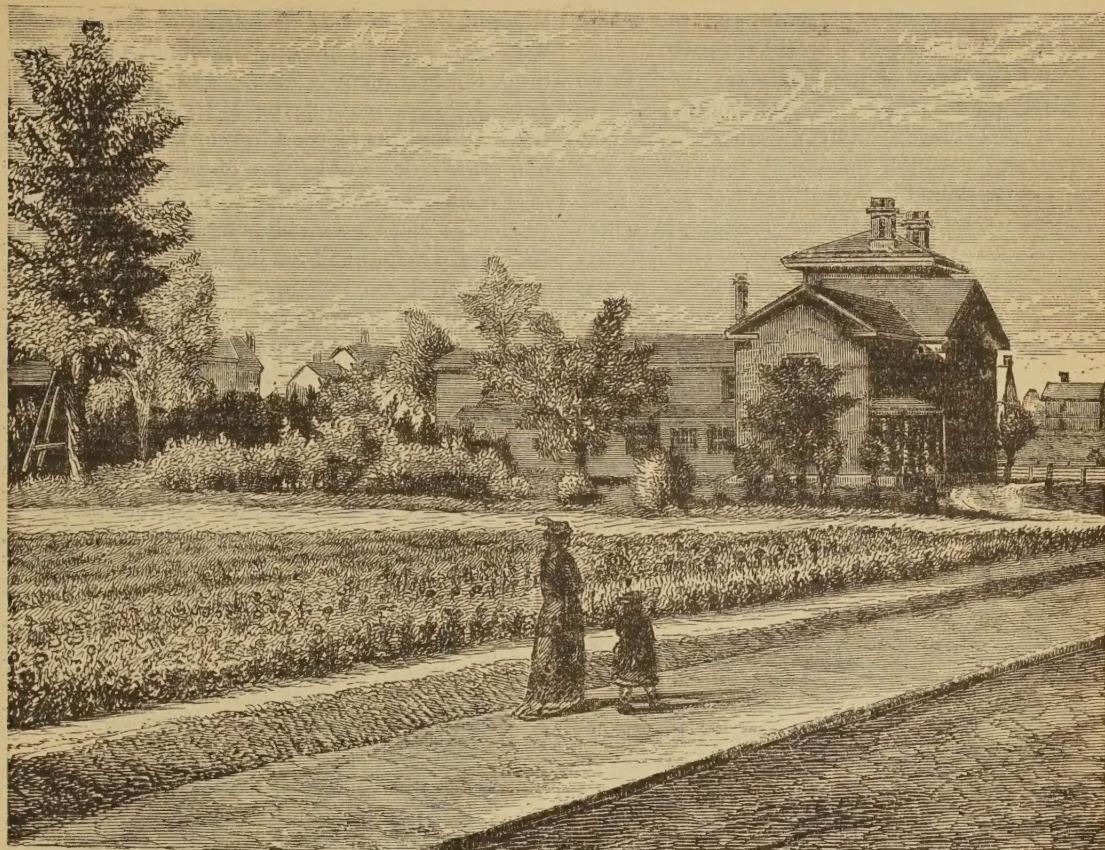
I was interested in the remarks of an English correspondent in the last number respecting the character of parks. We Americans have had some strange ideas about parks, for I recollect that a long time ago, when residing in New York, and before the creation of Central Park, the story was told that a citizen of that city wishing to show an English friend the wonders and beauties of America, among other places took him to see City Hall Park, a little wretched place of an acre or two, with starved grass and a few poor, narrow, trodden, straight gravel walks. Since then our ideas of parks have manifestly changed for the better, and the old City Hall Park and the Washington Parade Ground, once the admiration of the people of Gotham, are now among the things that are past—at least, no one would think of them as worthy of praise.

We have now gone to the other extreme, and our parks, if at all cared for, are as highly kept as the most beautiful grounds connected with a gentleman's mansion, and "Keep off the grass" meets one at every turn. This is well, I think, for it teaches what can be done—presents splendid models of gardening art, improves the taste, and people look, admire and try to imitate. Then there is nothing in a name, and if what we call parks are more like gardens, no harm is done and a great deal of good.

More than twenty-five years ago I visited England and the Continent, and then the large open parks were magnificent, and as described by your correspondent, almost wild, and the people from the neighboring cities in some way got the privilege of using them for their "outings," or what we call picnics; but I observed in a recent visit that even English parks have changed in character somewhat, and now some of them are nicely kept with flower beds—a good deal of the style of our best parks.

I am so glad that people in our large cities who live in narrow streets and crowded houses can see occasionally a little of rural beauty—examples of garden beauty not excelled anywhere. What a wonderful teacher these parks are. How the people learn to admire and respect the plants and flowers. Scarcely one is injured even by the roughest gamins.

I have lived in one city forty years. When I first put my place in order, and set out flowers, it was almost impossible to keep a plant or flower from being stolen. Even respectable people thought flowers common plunder, and everything within reach was taken by this class, and reproof or request to desist was considered an insult. Others made raids during the evening and early morning, carrying off flowers and plants at pleasure, and I was considered a stingy fellow for complaining of this treatment. I don't know but if I had invoked the aid of



the law for the protection of my property the result would have been a very respectable mob.

Things have changed wonderfully. Now I have no fence, the lawn being entirely open to the road, and people stop and look and admire, but I lose nothing; and if I pick a few flowers, as I like to do, and hand to the ladies and children, they are not received sullenly, as formerly, as a right, but with expressions of thankfulness and delight.

One of my neighbors, a lady who had a little bit of a garden near me, was perfectly indignant one day, and considered herself fearfully cheated, because she had sent to a little nursery in the neighborhood for a plant for which she was charged twenty-five cents, when she declared she had thrown and given away scores of plants as good as that. Now she does not think it extravagant to give a dollar for a good Rose, and would even give three dollars for one if she could procure one I have not. So, you see, times and tastes and manners are changed, and the changes in the character of parks set me thinking about it; and all must admit that this change is for the better. How things will be if we have the same improvement for the next quarter of a century I cannot say, but I would like to be here to see.

If you will allow me the use of illustrations,

I would like to show a place on an avenue that, ten years ago, was lined on each side of the road with fences, some costly, and some poor and mean, but every lot was fenced in with something, and the front gates were usually fastened; this was actually necessary, for cows and pigs roamed the streets at will. This street, or avenue, began to be improved, people began to take an interest in flowers and lawns, upon which the animal tramps made sad inroads whenever a gate happened to be left open, and some cows were so skillful that they could open a well-fastened gate. Flower-beds were thus destroyed and lawns sadly injured. A successful effort was made to prevent animals running at large, though, at first, it met with much opposition, some people seeming to think that cows had a right to their neighbor's gardens. Now a stray cow or pig in our streets would cause about as much commotion as a mad dog. Soon the gates were left open days and closed nights, then left open altogether; and not long after this, being useless, were removed, and the fences, being neither useful nor ornamental, followed suit. Now we have a pretty avenue, on each side, between the walk and roadway, a strip of grass, five or six feet in width, in which trees are growing, and flanked on both sides by well-kept lawns and gardens. Not a fence is

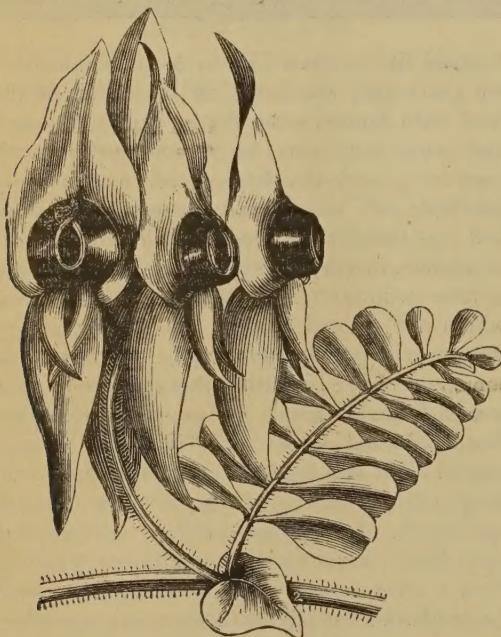
to be seen for a mile or more, and the whole has the appearance of a well-kept park.

With avenues of this character there is no need of public parks. Indeed, public parks in small places are usually nuisances, mere cow pastures, for which no one is responsible and no one expected to care. Let us have neat, shady streets and well-kept avenues, in which every owner feels an interest. The pictures show a little piece of our avenue as it was when fenced and as it now appears, and both scenes are real.—AN OLD OBSERVER.

CLIANTHUS.

MR. VICK:—I do not remember having seen anything in your MAGAZINE about that beautiful and intractable flower, the Clianthus. A good many years since I saw this flower growing, and it attracted my special attention at the time, but was forgotten until I went to California, where I saw it growing as freely as we grow any of our climbers. The variety grown in that State is not, however, the kind that I have grown here, not being so pretty, the contrast of color not half as good, as the center is not dark as in C. Dampieri. What the variety is I do not know.

For two years I have grown the Clianthus,



and if I knew how it was done I would like to tell your readers, but sometimes I succeed and sometimes fail, and I cannot tell the reason why in either case. I have made up my mind, however, that the less you do for it the better. It seems to dislike petting and nursing, and, I think, likes a dry, sandy soil. I have usually sown seeds in pots and put out in the open ground as soon as the weather became warm

enough. I had very good luck last season with seed sown in the open ground; indeed, I think the best plants and the most flowers. If any of the readers of the MAGAZINE can tell the requirements of the Clianthus, and how we can grow it so as to be sure of plants as we are of Petunias or Asters, they will confer on your readers a very great blessing. I have tried time and again, but I am no more sure of the result than I am that a tossed penny will fall "heads up."—TUMBELL.

The Clianthus commonly seen in California is, we think, *C. puniceus*, commonly known as Parrot's-bill. Our subscribers in that section will doubtless tell us whether this is true or not. It is a native of New Zealand. It makes a large plant under favorable circumstances. We have seen it in Europe and California covering as much surface as the Honeysuckle. Clianthus Dampieri is the species the seeds of which are generally advertised by seedsmen. The flowers are better, and it well deserves its common names, Glory Flower and Glory Pea. It is of brighter color than the other species, being scarlet and having a large purple center or base. Flowers in clusters of four or five. It is a native of Australian deserts. Unfortunately, its culture is difficult, and if any one can tell our correspondent how to grow it with uniform success, we shall be much obliged and benefitted. It grows only a few feet in height.

AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE.

I have tried the Nemophila for shady places. It may be all that has been said of it for shade in country gardens, but when tried in the shade of a built-up city garden, it will be found that the Nemophila will not put up with it; but the Hydrangea, the Funkia, and the Clematis will take the place and be very thankful for it. My Clematis Jackmanii has frozen every winter down to the ground, but last December I laid it down and covered it with a little soil; last spring it came up with two stems and bloomed the whole summer; on the 6th of October it still had a cluster of nine flowers.

One of my favorites is the Chinese Hibiscus; it is rather difficult to keep over winter without a greenhouse, but I know that it can be done, and, for the benefit of those who, like myself, have no better accommodation for their pets than a room in the house during the winter months, I shall try to explain it. Remove the plant from the garden to a box or pot early in September, so it will be well established before cold weather sets in; before you house it, trim it well in and pick every leaf off the remaining wood, and then place it at a south window of any room where it will not freeze; do not give it too much water, nor open the window directly on the plant, and it will be in a healthy condition when spring arrives. I know it almost sounds ridiculous to despoil a healthy-looking plant in the way I advise, and I admit it will not look very ornamental the first month or so,

but in time the plant will be covered with light green sprouts that will gradually form the branches for next summer. When the frosts are past, the plant can be turned out, and in July it will be in bloom, and continue so continuously until fall.

The Chinese Hibiscus is a woody shrub, and its dark-green and glossy foliage, with its large, double, scarlet flowers, will make a show hard to beat with any other plant that I know of.—A. P., Philadelphia, Pa.

HYACINTHS IN BASKETS.

A very pretty way to grow Hyacinths and other bulbs is in baskets, in moss, cotton-battting, sponge, or any other material that will hold water. After the bulbs have been placed in the material used, I sow Cress seed pretty thickly over the surface. This comes up very quickly, and in a short time presents a green



surface, entirely concealing the material used for holding the water, which must be kept constantly moist. A box, or wooden bowl covered with bark, is easily made, and always looks well. It may be placed on a stand. It is best to keep the plants in a room that is pretty cool. Last winter I prepared one of these boxes late in December, having appropriated all the glasses and pots I had earlier in the season, and thinking I should have to lose what bulbs I had remaining, until I thought of this plan, and it was the nicest thing I had.—E. B.

HYACINTHS IN WATER.—A correspondent of the *Garden Illustrated* writes that it is better to keep bulbs designed for flowering in water in a dry, cool place until the ring at the base of the bulb shows signs of swelling before committing them to the glasses.

PARDALINUM LILY.

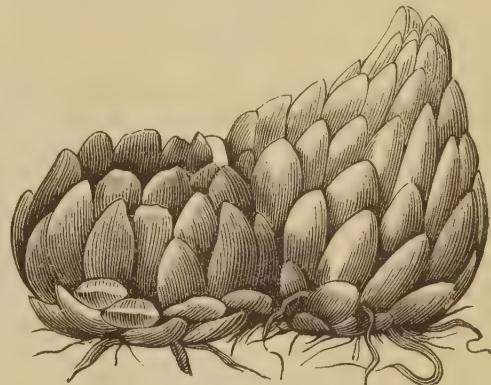
MR. VICK:—I wish to recommend to your readers a Lily that, if not the best in the world, has given me a great deal of satisfaction. It is a California variety, Pardalinum, and while it resembles the very best of the Canadenses, it is much better than any of this variety that I have ever seen. The flowers are larger, quite as abundant, and the whole plant stronger, or



PARDALINUM FLOWER.

more robust, though it does not grow any taller, for I have seen the Canadense, I think, six feet, or nearly so, in height. I have grown Pardalinum about the same. I send you a bulb, by which you will see that it is more than twice the size of that of Canadense. They seem disposed to grow in the autumn, and if our winters were mild, I think would flower late in winter or very early in spring.

With me this is the hardiest and healthiest of



PARDALINUM BULB.

all the California Lilies. Washingtonianum does not thrive, for the leaves become spotted and turn brown, and the whole plant seems to blast.—S. J.

We can endorse all that is said of Pardalinum. The Washingtonianum will not bear summer sun and heat, and the reason will be seen by the remarks of a California correspondent, who wrote us from Lower Lake.

Pardalinum is found on our highest mountains, growing among rocks and brush, and throwing up a stalk from four to six feet, the bulb being down among the loose leaves, mud and rocks, about sixteen or eighteen inches in depth. The hot summer sun is our greatest

trouble here with Lilies, and we protect them with shade. We have had *Pardalinum* seven feet in height, and *Washingtonianum* four feet. —M. M.

SWEET PEAS.

MR. VICK:—You have often said in the MAGAZINE, and in other ways, that the amount of pleasure in flower culture was not to be measured by the outlay; that a few pennies well spent and their product well cared for, would often give more pleasure than dollars not so judiciously invested. Of this fact I have



had pretty good proof the past season. Nothing in my garden afforded me more pleasure than a little patch of Sweet Peas. They commenced blooming the latter part of June, and late in October were still in flower. Indeed, at the present time, November 8th, I can pick a few flowers, and the leaves are green, though we have had several pretty hard frosts, and in proof of this I send you a little cluster. They are not as large as those produced in more favorable weather. For a little vase, nothing is nicer than the Sweet Peas. I have never grown them before, and perhaps old cultivators will laugh at my enthusiasm.—D. V.

HATHAWAY TOMATO THE STANDARD.—For about ten years the Tomato canners of Virginia, some of whom use from fifty to one hundred pounds of seed each season, have written us,—“Send us samples of any variety of Tomato that you think will beat the Hathaway.” And almost every year we have sent some kind for trial, but this year we have the same cry, “Have you anything that you think will beat the Hathaway?”

FLOWERS IN OREGON.

Flowers on the Pacific coast grow to a wonderful size, as well as the fruits. The traveler meets a series of surprises from the commencement to the end of his journeyings. From a lady correspondent in Oregon we received some time since a photograph of a Double *Datura*, from which the accompanying engraving was taken. As described in the letter, “it was about three feet high, and the flowers, you see, are trumpet-shaped, thirteen inches long, six inches in diameter, white, double and very fragrant. Our Petunias have been the envy of the neighborhood, two plants especially, for their brilliant colors and large double flowers,



some of which measure sixteen inches in circumference. The single ones were also very fine.”

THE AURATUM LILY.

Mrs. R. S. HOBBS, of Nauvoo, Ill., received and planted an *Auratum* Lily bulb last spring, but it was so small she never expected to see it again. “In the spring it came up with the other Lilies, and by midsummer had one flower that measured nine inches across. I feel well paid if it never blooms again.” We hope it will have a dozen flowers next year, and think it very probable. It was evidently a sound bulb. Give the earth over it a covering of straw and leaves, but no manure, for, while we do not say positively that covering the *Auratums* with manure in the winter is injurious, we have reason to think so from the experience of several years.

PÆONIES IN THE SOUTH.—Pæony buds are apt in the South to blast instead of opening. A lady informs us that she has fully overcome this evil for several years by mulching the plants heavily with manure when the buds begin to form, and giving each plant a pail of water two or three times a week.



GARDENING IN LONDON SQUARES.

London must be considered the center of the world, in a horticultural sense, for there more of wealth and skill is engaged in this pursuit than anywhere else. All styles of gardening are tested, plants from all parts of the world are put upon trial, and their peculiar merits for special purposes are discovered.

After all that has been done there during the last ten or fifteen years with bedding plants, it is pleasant to note that attention is turning again to the culture of annuals, and that these old favorites are found quite as useful and effective as plants that are more costly. With us, where the great majority of those that are interested in flower-culture cannot possibly do anything very elaborate or costly, dependence to a great extent must be made upon annuals that can be quickly and inexpensively raised. We know that while a few annuals are better suited with the English climate than ours, yet many of those that are most valuable do far better here than in England.

The following statement, therefore, in reference to gardening in London squares, from a communication in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, must have its full weight upon the minds of our readers :

"The fact that a fair and even beautiful show of flowering annuals and hardy perennials may be raised from seed in the open ground in central London is evidenced by the last three season's experience in the garden management of Ensleigh Gardens. The inexpensiveness of this mode of cultivation, as compared with the purchase of bedding plants, is of itself a great recommendation. The main elements of success are the thorough digging up of the flower-beds during the winter, so that the ground may break up into good finely pulverised seed-beds for the spring, and the careful sowing of the seed. The best results seem to have been secured from sowing variegated Corn-flowers, varieties of the Clarkias, Malope, Nasturtium, Convolvulus minor, Delphinium, Antirrhinum, Viscaria, Godetia, Eschscholtzia, Calliopsis,

Candytuft, Silene pendula, &c., in small patches over the flower borders, and repeating the sowing at intervals of two or three weeks during the spring and early summer months."

The plants above named are no doubt well adapted to London, but we miss from the list what are some of the most effective kinds, such as Phlox Drummondii, Petunias, Portulaca, Asters, Balsams, &c., for the reason that they cannot be so well employed there as those named. We believe it is doing an essential service to flower-culture in this country, to insist upon the extensive employment of annuals.

BOUQUET MAKING.

The *Florist and Pomologist* says there are certain laws, or usages, or fashions, which govern the construction of bouquets. A bridal bouquet is invariably wholly composed of white flowers—fragrant Gardenias, white Roses, the sweetly-scented wax-like Stephanotis, Jasmine, Lapageria alba, Eucharis, Lily of the Valley, Roman Hyacinth, White Clover, Pinks that have no dash of color in the snowy petals, Orange blossoms, Bouvardias, Double Chinese Primulas, chaste Orchids, &c., are the leading subjects made use of. Birthday bouquets are composed of white and pink blossoms, or such as have pale tones. Ball-room bouquets depend on the *mode* and color of my lady's dress; as a rule, the bouquet should match the dress, and this necessitates confidence between my lady, or her *modiste*, and the artist who constructs the bouquet; sometimes it is deemed necessary to have the bouquets in harmony with the hangings or prevailing decorations of the ball-room, and occasionally it happens that bouquets of a peculiar kind of flower, or particular hue of color are indispensable.

SOME OF THE foreign papers are recommending standard Fuchsias with a clean stem several feet in height and an umbrella top. They may do for particular places, but are not more desirable for general use than Standard Roses.

GARDEN BRIDGE.

In a recent number of the MAGAZINE we spoke of a large work written by an amateur gardener in the suburbs of London, Dr. ALBERT SMEE, all about his little garden of three or four acres. In this work there are hundreds of illustrations of the plants grown, the birds, and even the insects, as well as different garden views. We have selected one of these that shows a bridge across a little stream, partly concealed by the luxuriant foliage growing upon its banks. Not many of our readers will have occasion to build bridges in their gardens, but some may do so, and others may like to look at this pretty rural scene. An exposed, bare bridge in a garden is not pleasant to look upon, and plants that delight in moist situations should be provided for its adornment as soon as possible. The Willow, Spruce, Tamarack, Thorn, Virginia Creeper, Honeysuckle, and many other things will suggest themselves for both the water and banks.

FRUIT JAMS.

An English paper, published in the county of Kent, describing the fruit preserving establishments of Maidstone, states that one establishment prepares annually 1500 tons of Jam, in at least half a million jars, from two to fourteen pounds each. "America contributes Apples, pressed into casks by hydraulic power, in such quantities that the cask, when unpacked, is almost as inexhaustible in its productiveness as the conjurer's hat. Germany and Belgium send



Plums, France Apricots, Holland Currants and Gooseberries, in addition to the large quantities of home-grown fruit."

NAPOLEON'S WILLOW.—When the Empress EUGENIA visited the scene of her son's death, she took with her slips of a Willow growing in Dean STANLEY's garden to plant at the foot of the young Prince's monument in Zululand. The tree in the deanery garden was grown from a slip taken from a Willow over the tomb of NAPOLEON I, at St. Helena.

IN ENGLAND they are removing stumps by dynamite. Over three hundred were taken out on one estate in this manner.



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

INSECTS AND THEIR DESTRUCTION.

A new insect enemy of the Strawberry plant was discovered some six or seven years since in Massachusetts, and since then has made its way through the country so as to have been found in Illinois, Missouri and Michigan. It is described as a small brownish leaf-beetle. We learn from the *American Entomologist*, that Prof. A. J. COOK, of Lansing, Mich., has been studying its habits and the means of its destruction. "The insect lives in the larva state under ground, feeding on the rootlets of the plant it attacks; there it transforms to pupa and perfect beetle, in which last state it continues its ravages by feeding on the leaves of the plant." Prof. COOK describes the larva of this insect as "white, with yellowish head and brown jaws." Its length is about one-fifth of an inch.

The little beetle is only one-eighth of an inch long. The head, antennæ, legs and wing cases are yellowish, the thorax brown, and the under side of the body black. The center of the thorax is clouded with black, and generally each wing-cover is yellowish, dotted with two black spots. The posterior is much the larger. About one beetle in six was found to be black, and in a few cases these black beetles were tinged with yellow at the tip of the body.

"These beetles, like all of their family, are voracious feeders, and though small, are so numerous that in early spring and after harvest they completely defoliate the strawberry plants."

The larva appear to eat the young, tender roots, and in this to differ from others of the leaf-eating beetles. As these larva as well as the pupæ are in the earth about the roots of the plants, we see that their importation with affected plants would be very large, and could only be avoided with certainty by having the roots of the plants thoroughly washed before setting.

Prof. COOK thinks "that either Paris Green or London Purple would certainly destroy the beetles, if applied to the plants, as we apply them to destroy the Potato beetle or Canker worm."

Prof. RILEY takes issue with Prof. COOK on the remedy proposed in this case, saying that "it were eminently dangerous to use such a poisonous remedy while the plants are fruiting, and I would not recommend it later in the season until every other available remedy had been tried."

At the late meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science, Prof. RILEY gave an account of some of the practical results of the investigation of the United States Commission in reference to "insects affecting the cotton plant. A condensed report of this account appears in the *Scientific American*, and as the substance of the statements will be interesting to those who are battling with insects everywhere, we cull a few notes:

"It appears that there are over five tons of extracts and decoctions of various native plants centered at Selma, Ala, made under the supervision of the commission. Only two or three of all of these give any promise, and these not much. Yeast ferment or beer mash, which Dr. HOGEN so strongly recommended, has proved entirely useless. Of the various arsenical poisons, Paris Green still proves best, so far as efficacy and harmlessness to the plants are concerned."

The testimony received by the commission in reference to London Purple is somewhat variable, but generally favorable; the less favorable reports "mostly come from parties who have not understood how to properly mix and use it. Pound for pound it should be made to go twice as far as Paris Green. A pound of the purple is sufficient for eighty or even 100 gallons of water, and if used dry should be in proportion of one to forty parts of the diluent." The green acts quicker than the purple.

In our own use of London Purple this season mixed with plaster for Potato-beetle, we found one pound of the Purple quite sufficient for 100 pounds of plaster, and it acted with great promptness. Prof. RILEY thinks that the Purple is proved to be less dangerous to employ than Paris Green, and in evidence says: "I

know of two negroes who stole some flour in which it had been mixed in the ordinary proportion for use on cotton, and made biscuits thereof. Both were made sick but neither seriously, and Prof. BARNARD found that the steward on one of the Mississippi steamboats, (the decks of which get quite purple from carrying it) has made regular use of the wastage, so easily obtained on every hand, for coloring his pastry and ice cream. That no ill results have followed is no reason for perpetuating the practice."

Pyrethrum for the Cotton worm has been found to be highly effective. The alcoholic extract of a pound of the powder "kills all young worms when diluted in 120 gallons of water." What is more important is that it has been discovered that the powder simply mixed in water acts equally as well or even better than the extract, and that "one pound to 150 gallons of water is effective, and one pound to 200 gallons will cause the destruction of young worms." "Larger worms are less easily affected, but they too writhe to the ground, from which they rarely recover, even if the Pyrethrum fails in the end to kill; for, once on the ground and enfeebled, a host of enemies are ever ready to finish the work begun by the powder." This insect powder is harmless to man, and the Pyrethrum plants can be raised almost anywhere, and, it is consequently probable that the powder will be extensively employed.

Of oils the professor remarks: "Nothing is more deadly to the insect in all stages than kerosene, or oils of any kind, and they are the only substances with which we may hope to destroy the eggs. In this connection, the difficulty of diluting them, from the fact that they do not mix with water, has been solved by first combining them with either fresh or spoiled milk to form an emulsion, which is easily effected, while this in turn, like milk alone, may be diluted to any extent, so that particles of oil will be held homogeneously in suspension. Thus the question of applying oils in any desired dilution is settled, and something practical from them may be looked for."

JAPAN COCKSCOMB.—A correspondent had a Japan Cockscomb last summer that was a real beauty, and not liking to part with it, potted it with care, and it is now, the middle of November, the handsomest plant in the window garden.

CALADIUM ESCULENTUM.—A friend in Pennsylvania grew, last summer, Caladium leaves measuring three feet in length, and the leaf-stems were nearly five feet long. It was planted in a moist place.

DWARFING LIMA BEANS.

MR. VICK:—The best crop of Lima Beans that I ever saw grow in this latitude, was in this city last summer, by simply cutting the runners and keeping the plants about two feet high. The practice is quite new to me, but the results are astonishing.—J. PHILLIPS, London, Ont.

We have always recommended something like this plan with all running Beans, and have practiced it for a good many years, though we usually allow them to grow four or five feet, just high enough to make convenient gathering. We saw many acres of Scarlet Runners in England lying upon the ground and fruiting well. They are grown for market and are the favorite Snap Beans. The accompanying engraving showing our plan of growing Running Beans, we had prepared some time since, desiring to speak of this subject before next planting season. In our FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, page 144, we say: "A very good way is to grow the Running Beans in drills, using the tallest brush that can be conveniently secured. When the plants reach the top of the brush, pinch off the ends. The effect will be to cause greater fruitfulness below."



SEEDLING GERANIUMS—COCKSCOMBS.

JAMES VICK:—I wish to inform you that I purchased last spring a packet of seed of Zonale Geraniums, sowed them in a box in the house the latter part of April, and raised seven plants out of the lot, all of which have blossomed, one being a most beautiful double scarlet; a great curiosity in itself, laying aside the fact of their blossoming three months after seed sowing. In Coxcombs I have surpassed anything that has ever been seen in this part of the country. They are of that size of growth found in the rich soils of the West, which you speak of in your "FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN." They measure fifteen inches from side to side, being fan shape. They are also of various tints and admired by every lover of flowers.—MRS. M. O. H., Cowansville, Canada.

A NEW SEDUM.—We notice a species of Sedum, recently discovered near Salt Lake city, has been named by Dr. GRAY, after the well-known botanist, horticulturist and editor, Mr. THOMAS MEEHAN.

THE LITTLE SEA PINK.

Three years ago I bought a dozen plants of Thrift, or, as I like to call it, Sea Pink, for that was the name by which it was first known to me, wild, on the eastern shores of the Atlantic. It was with a pleasant surprise that I saw it described in one of your journals, for I had



never seen it or heard of it in America, though I have traveled from the frozen regions north of Quebec to the burning sands of Mexico and South America. These plants were placed in the garden, and soon began to grow, getting larger in

every direction until each one formed a good, large, round head, its fine leaves being a perfect mass. The heads of pink flowers soon began to appear on long, wiry stems, and for small bouquets few things are much better. The next



spring I divided the plants, and now I have a fine border. A year since I potted a plant or two to see how it would act in the house, and found that, if kept cool and supplied with sufficient water, it makes a very good plant for winter, blooming nearly all the time. One of the plants, I found in the spring, had parted its stem near the surface of the ground, but whether this was caused by some insect, or rotting from too much water, I could not tell. My experience shows that the Thrift likes a cool, moist atmosphere, and while it will live in a dry heat, it will not flower or make any great growth, but after a few weeks will remain almost dormant.—HAVANT.

POLITICS.

This is the first time the word has ever appeared in any of our publications, and it must have been a pleasant thing for readers of the MAGAZINE to turn from the strife and bitterness of the political press and quietly read of beautiful plants and fragrant flowers. If our political campaigns were conducted in an honest, honorable, and gentlemanly manner, and great principles were discussed in a logical way, what grand training schools they would prove to our young men who must soon take the places of their fathers and rule the nation. But, when political leaders, men who ought to be honorable and honored, resort to shams and tricks, and falsehoods to accomplish an end, the effect is demoralizing to the whole people, almost obliterating for a time the distinction between right and wrong, honor and shame. We hope for better things, but suppose the political millenium will arrive about the same time as the other one, for which good people are looking and longing.

FLOWERS AT THE SIMCOE FAIR.

We sent one of our chromos to the Simcoe, Ontario, Agricultural Fair, as a premium for flowers. A gentleman writes us, under date of October 12th, "Your chromo, so kindly sent to the South Simcoe Agricultural Society, was supplemented by \$15 and \$5 worth of house plants by one gentleman in Barrie, and the whole resulted in bringing into competition some 200 plants in pots, sixteen hanging baskets, four sets cut flowers, four sets Pansies, and nine bouquets, so that, for the first year, we who desire to cultivate a taste for flowers, consider we have done well, and have a promise, too, from the Association to increase their grant next year. Over 7000 people were in attendance at the fair."

A FINE AURATUM LILY.

Four years ago I bought an Auratum Lily, which bloomed the first season and failed the next two. This last spring it sent up two flower stems five feet and six inches in height, and had twenty-six flowers on each stem, fifty three in all. At one time there were thirty flowers out, all good. The flowers were seven inches in diameter. I would like to know if it is usual for Auratums to grow so tall and have so many flowers?—R. G., *Banhou's Mills, Pa.*

The Auratum when properly healthy and robust sometimes produces wonderful results. Many Lilies after planting seem to remain comparatively dormant for a year or so before they commence to grow in earnest. Not many of our readers we think can boast of a finer Lily, and its beauty may be appreciated by a look at our colored plate of last month. A plant five feet in height must have been a gorgeous sight.

SEMPERVIVUM.

I like to grow succulent plants, and always have a few, on account of their peculiar, fleshy leaves and strange forms, and the ease with which they are produced. Some of the family are doubtless known to your readers under va-



rious names, such as House Leeks, Hen and Chickens, etc. I have now a very nice plant of *Sempervivum Haworthii*, which forms a little tree with numerous rosettes composed of its fleshy leaves. It also has a singular habit of throwing roots down from its trunk.—A.

GARDEN INQUIRIES.

MR. JAMES VICK:—Will you please answer the following queries and give some remedy for the failures I shall herein mention?

1. What is the proper time to re-pot Geraniums and green-house plants generally? Please give some general directions for the same.

2. Do you know anything in your latitude of a small white insect, or fly, that harbors underground, and completely destroys all but our native Lilies here. So minute and fragile that it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye, or handled so as to be put under a microscope?

3. I have a pretty little semi-circular spot in front of my house devoted to flowers, but so shaded with large Oaks that very few things thrive there. The trees must remain, but are there no flowers that prefer an almost entirely shaded situation? and kindly say what they are. I have a *Clematis Flammula* which has been in this same plot of ground for four years, never has had a bloom on it, and has great unsightly masses of dead leaves on it constantly. I am generally successful in raising flowers, and in other horticulture operations, so I don't think the fault lies in me.—MRS. E. T., St. Joseph, La.

1. As a general rule the proper time for re-potting plants is when they are comparatively at rest after a season of growth and flowering, and before they are expected to commence active growth again, whenever that may be. The directions for re-potting may be found on page 277 of the current volume.

2. We have never had Lilies troubled with the insect described; it is probably peculiar to a warm climate, and possibly some of our Southern readers may have had experience with it and successfully oppose it. It would be well

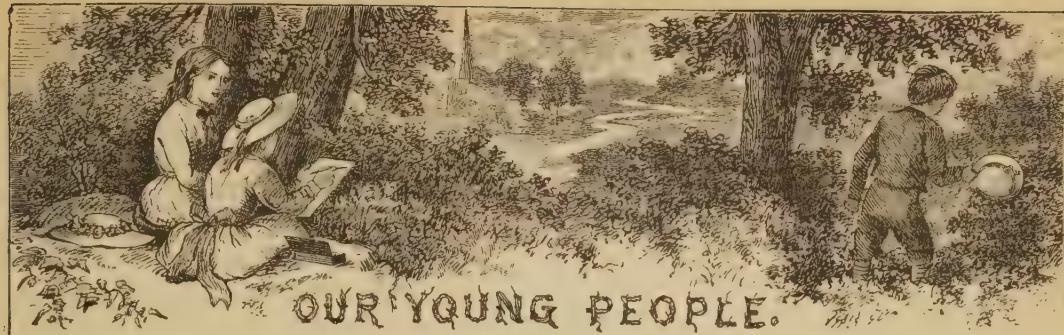
to try the saltpetre solution for this insect. A teaspoonful of saltpetre is dissolved in a gallon of water, and about a pint of the solution may be poured about the stem and over the roots of each plant; possibly lime-water may be effectively applied in the same manner. Both of these solutions are harmless to the plants, and may be found to be destructive to the insects. A very little kerosene oil applied to the soil, just enough to slightly enter the upper part of the ground, but not in sufficient quantity to go deeply or affect the roots, would have the tendency to prevent the attacks of the insects.

3. There are but few plants that will bloom in shady places; in a spot so shady as here described, we doubt if anything will be found to be satisfactory. On page 120 of this volume may be found a list of plants for shady places, and on page 208 the same subject is touched upon again, but we know that dense shade is not meant. It is possible that some kinds of ferns might do creditably in the place described.

MODESTY THE FRUIT OF FLOWER-CULTURE.

That the culture of flowers tends to patience and care and forethought must be admitted. It also teaches modesty in the expression of opinions. The true lover and cultivator of flowers soon learns that it will not answer to jump at conclusions, but that he must watch and wait for results. It requires sometimes a good deal of time to learn why a plant fades and dies, or why results are so very different than we expected. There is a cause for every effect, though it may be hidden. A lady of Pennsylvania wrote some time since that she sowed Dwarf Larkspur last spring, and the result was excellent double flowers. One week later she gave a part of the same package to a neighbor, and they bore single flowers. A gentleman of Western New York purchased four pounds of Short Horn Carrot seed, and sowed about half of it, when rain stopped the work, and the ground was not fit for working for several days, when the balance of the seed was sown. The seed first sown produced an excellent crop, and the latter sown did not come up well and did not give half a crop. The writer remarked, "had I not handled the seed myself, and sown all from the same bag, I would have declared the seed could not have been the same."

ABRONIA.—A lady who is very fond of the Abronia, but had rather poor success, was much surprised to find plants in abundance last spring from seed dropped from plants of the previous summer. They grew much stronger and flowered more abundantly than those grown from seed in a hot-bed. The soil was very moist.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE FAIRIES' VISIT TO DREAMLAND.

From the stamens of the tall, drooping, White Lily in the fairy's bower still swung the two hammocks so hastily fashioned on the night of the unfortunate picnic; and therein now awoke, the morning after the burial, two fairies so soothed, so refreshed by their night's repose, that the incidents of the preceding day seemed years away in the past.

Goldinore sat right up, and clasping her hands together exclaimed, "Was there ever anything so delicious as last night's music! All night long in my sleep I seemed to hear melody that so thrilled and filled me that I feel this morning as though I had absorbed it through all the senses—had just existed on it."

"And I," said Silvereen, "was in Dreamland all night, and thought that I was floating on a sea of music, whose waves of harmony seemed to catch me up on little stairways of mellow quavers, and let me down again into shallows of softest trills and carols, gales and choruses, that were perfectly ravishing."

"Well that is the beauty of Dreamland. Everything is complete to perfection there, I believe. But we cannot depend on our sleeping senses. I am determined to go sometime when I am wide awake. Let us go together."

"Do you know the way?" asked Silvereen.

"I think so. We go directly through that enchanted kingdom called the Land of Nod; and you know where that is, for whenever we are not too busy we dally around in sight of it every day."

"Yes, I know. Well, I'll go with you, if you'll go with me some time to that grand castle-in-the-air that I am so anxious to visit."

"O, it would be delightful! Does anybody live there?"

"Yes, indeed; hosts of those creatures you call monsters, visionary men, dreamy young ladies, and any number of boys and girls. There is a large community living in a state of continual expectancy within those castle walls."

"O, how strange! Well, it strikes me we have several plans now for the future. Did

you not say once that we were to visit the land of the Brownies?"

"Certainly; we must not miss that. And besides, I overheard Red Spider muttering to himself that the picnic was such a failure that he should get up a menagerie that would be a success. Supposing we go to Dreamland to-day and make sure of it."

"I do n't see why not; if you'll leave me at my own home as we return."

"O, charming!" And up jumped the fairies—Goldinore ringing the Blue-bell, while Silvereen stood at the Trumpet Flower to tell Red Spider their plan for the day.

To expedite matters, their breakfast was sent in to them. It was borne on a tray of mother-of-pearl, with plates and cups of brilliant coral. There was cream distilled from its acrid flavor fresh from the Milk-weed. There were sections of honey-comb arranged in separate cells brimming with honey, and a golden omelet from a Humming-bird's egg. The whole was edged with delicate sprays of sparkling Ice-plant, making all look cool and dewy.

In a little time they had started on their pleasant walk, and, as they tripped along and blithely chatted, the minutes flew swiftly by. Soon they found themselves confronting a large, double gate, which slowly opened on its drowsy hinges as they softly glided in, and slowly closed again behind them, shutting them safely within the borders of the Land of Nod.

And now what delightful surprises awaited them. They observed that everywhere about them the ground was gay with myriads of Poppy blossoms of every color and shade. The very atmosphere seemed laden with their narcotic exhalations. Tiny Lethean rivulets were purling dreamily over pebbly channels. Little waterfalls sang for a moment and then dropped to sleep in their beds. The agile fish were gathered in little pools, too lazy to wink at the sluggish turtles basking on the bank above them. The bees were buzzing drowsily as never buzzed bees before. The lazy butterflies could scarcely wave their wings as they poised singly

or in clusters on the gay blossoms. The Humble-bees were droning a most languid refrain. A sleepy rooster thought to welcome the fairies with one of his clarion strains, but instead of a stirring peal there was only a sharp note or two, and then a long-drawn-out, most dolorous wind-up. Kittens were curled up in little balls asleep. Cunning little dogs were dozing with their noses on their paws. The quiet and delicious sense of drowsy rest seemed to be infectious. The fairies thought that never before had they felt such freedom from care and responsibility.

But while noting these things there were others of more importance that fully arrested their attention. Passing onward through this singular domain they saw chubby children of all ages and sizes—old, placid-looking, white-haired men and women, and a few of middle age. A little fellow making a tower with his blocks was boasting to a playmate that he was too big now to take a nap after dinner, and directly after was nodding in the midst of his play. A cunning baby, tied in its high-chair, was bobbing a dimpled cheek against a dimpled shoulder. Another, fast in its rocker, had dropped its chin on its fat bosom and almost lost the thumb it had been sucking. One little youngster was nodding on his rocking-horse, and nearly ready for a tumble. A darling little girl was clasping securely in her arms a baby-brother, and both were nodding and bobbing together. A little fellow trundling a cask had been overtaken by the nods and lay across it on his stomach quite at rest.

The fairies were amused at a sturdy-looking man with iron-gray hair, who sat trying to read a bobbing paper which his sluggish hand could no longer hold steady. At last away went the paper floating amongst the Poppies; the glasses followed after, and his heavy head sank lower and lower until a sudden fall brought it up with a jerk, at the risk of his neck. Then, with a little growl, he snatched up his glasses and hastily strode away into the outer world.

A weary woman they saw, too, trying to darn a little mountain of stockings—stockings little and big, stockings red, white, and blue—whether long ones or short, each had a hole through. As she plied her needle, down, down went her head, while a rosy-cheeked boy near by counted and told her how many naps she took in ten minutes. The fairies saw him laugh at first, but afterwards he petted her, and then they knew he was a good-hearted boy and sorry for his mother.

A frail-looking, silver-haired old man was there who had wearied himself with fighting the pestering flies, and finally had thrown his

large handkerchief over his head and was nodding in peace. Another, with arms folded across his open Bible, had nodded until his head was resting upon them. A serene-looking old lady, knitting cunning little stockings, was nodding over her needles. Another saintly-looking woman would read the same page of her open book each time she roused up, and seemed to find it new again. The fairies thought this a most charming way of being entertained, but felt sure that none but those who have lived beautiful, good lives, can be so placid and content in old age.

Still passing on and wondering where they should find the entrance to Dreamland, they saw a funny-looking man spring from a "sleepy hollow" chair and approach them. He was broad-shouldered, with short, sturdy limbs and very full about the stomach. His beard was so heavy they could hardly see his face, but his eyes had a merry twinkle not to be mistaken.

"You look like strangers here," said he, "can I be of any assistance?"

"We want to go the most direct way to Dreamland," replied Silverene.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed their new friend, "that's just where I am going soon—am not quite ready yet. I suppose there's a host of boys and girls awaiting me there by this time, to say nothing of the older ones, who are always on hand too. But I'll send my man to show you the nearest entrance. Hallo, there, you! Johnny Jumpup!"

Hereupon appeared an odd little dwarf, who stuck his hat under his arm while he answered questions and received orders.

"Have you taken the hobbles off the Reindeer, and stalled and fed them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you put on their holiday shoes—are they all silver shod?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you burnished up the little bells and my sledge runners, and hunted up the silver bits and the reins—all of them?"

"I have sir."

"How's Vixen; cross as ever?"

"I believe so."

"What's the matter with that thing, anyway?"

"She wants her horns festooned with ribbons and a string of golden bells for a necklace, and spangled trappings for her body, and—"

"Spangled fiddlesticks!" and the little man stamped his foot on the ground; "don't she know that she ought to be perfectly happy to be chosen one of six to assist me in dispensing to old and young beautiful reminders of the one great and everlasting gift that all mankind

has received? You go now and show these fairies into Dreamland. Make haste, for I fear we have all been dozing too long. I work so hard when I do work that it takes half a year's dozing to rest me. Hurry back to help me hitch up the reindeer."

And off they went, the fairies' heads so full they wondered if they had room for anything more. They soon reached a beautiful portal, of vast proportions and airy structure, carven all over with images of Morpheus, the god of sleep. Near its entrance were all sorts of "sleepy hollow" seats, and Johnny Jumpup said they must wait there a few minutes before they could gain admittance. So they sat quietly, glad to rest a little in so lovely a place; when suddenly such an astonishing noise greeted their ears that they both sprang up in a fright.

"Oh!" exclaimed Goldinore, "what a fearful snort that was!"

"Nonsense!" said Johnny Jumpup, "that was nothing but a little snore. You'll find that it's the magic password that lets you inside. How could they know in there that we are fit subjects for entrance without one little signal? Now I'll slip away and they'll think it was you."

"O, I hope not!" exclaimed Silverene. But their escort was gone, and sure enough the great portals were swinging back, and the fairies glided through, almost unaware, into a scene of bewildering beauty.

A broad expanse stretched out before them, which seemed half garden, half palace. The vast canopy above was supported by arches of rainbows whose extremities were lost in the sheeny distance. There were, sure enough, a bevy of boys and girls, youths and maidens; a few of their elders and a host of little chatter-boxes, all with bright, eager faces, and full of bustle and expectancy. They saw, too, a swarm of busy dwarfs near them building up a gorgeous throne of Iris blossoms. There were trees of wonderful beauty laden with marvellous growths on their far-away limbs. There were shrubs bending with their weight of mammoth buds, which were cropping out into astonishing shapes. The fairies watched some of them and noticed little clumps of tiny feet and hands forcing open the buds. They bored their way outward till, suddenly, with a snap and a spring, out came perfect little dolls, swinging on the tips of the twigs by their waist ribbons, as though they had always been there. While the fairies were exclaiming with delight they noticed one quite unlike the others. Observing it more closely, they saw it was a wee monkey and was already suspended by its tail in grinning satisfaction. Just then two dwarfs near by remarked to each other—

"What a splendid crop! This must be a good season for dolls."

"Yes; if Santa Claus don't hurry up these limbs will have to be propped. But what's that thing with the long tail?"

"O, that's a sport. That kind of thing often happens, you know. Last year I was to have a gay cockade to make me look taller, and it turned out an old woman's night-cap. That's the way here in Dreamland; you can't depend. Though usually everything turns out nicer than was expected. Don't you think there's a great crowd here this year to make choice of Christmas presents?"

"I do. Do you suppose they'll get what they make choice of?"

"Mostly. They know better than to choose what's impossible, or quite out of reason. And, besides, Santa Claus has no end of supplies, for here you've only to think of a thing and you see it."

And sure enough, the fairies thought of the blue and gold dresses they should want on their visit to the Castle-in-the-Air, and looking toward a tall evergreen tree, they saw its branches bending with the weight of every conceivable shape and color; and from a silken cocoon as large as a lemon they saw, just opening out, the coveted dresses, frill by frill, and fold by fold, until they were perfect. Joyfully they hastened forward to secure them, but were told by a grave-looking dwarf that they must wait until all the bells in Fairyland pealed out a Christmas carol, and then they should have them. So he took out a note-book and wrote.

Fairies. Two dresses of blue and gold from the evergreen tree. To be delivered on Christmas morning in the year of our Lord 1880.

"There, I've got it down. Now it's all right;" and they passed on.

"In the year of our Lord," repeated Goldinore, "what does that mean?"

"O, it means a great deal, but I haven't time to explain now. Almost any boy or girl here could tell you."

Just then they heard a great stir and bustle, and caught a whiff of cool, breezy air, and looking around they saw their new friend of Nod Land in the distance, throwing off furs and cloak, with snow-flakes flying, and coming toward them through a long vista, in the opposite direction from the great portals through which they had entered. As he passed them on his way to the Iris throne, they heard him saying—

"I've had a fearful drive; had to go around by way of Greenland. Vixen balked and made all the trouble she could. Then, when I stopped to feed on a shelving iceberg, she wouldn't eat.

Wanted roast turkey. That creature is entirely too sharp. She's heard this lingo of Christmas doings gone over year after year until she's learned it by heart, and become dissatisfied with her condition. Just as though Iceland Moss isn't the nicest diet in the world for a Reindeer! But how lovely everything is here—so bright and warm, and so many old friends, too,—yes, and some new ones." And he bobbed his head this side and that, and chuckled at the least ones, and winked at their elders, and looked so jolly, and skipped along in his buskins in such a merry way that the fairies thought, as they looked after him, that, surely enough, "his little, round bel—abdomen shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly."

In a moment more he was seated, and reaching to a vine heavy with long pods, he snapped one open, and out tumbled a French horn, on which he blew a sounding blast. Everybody was still in an instant.

"Now I am ready," said he, "to hear your wants and wishes. Let the Chatterboxes come first."

Then there was a regular swarm of wee folk with black eyes and blue, hazel eyes and gray, curly pates and smooth ones, fair faces and plain; but all were alike dear to the big-hearted Santa Claus. The fairies could not make out just what was said, there was such a jumble of d'ums and fistles, tandy and dollies, pitty tups and saucers, pistols and rocking horses, enough to have bewildered Mother Goose herself. But Santa Claus seemed to understand all, and bobbed his head in the happiest way, and said "Yes," "yes," "yes," continually, while the dwarf secretary took down their names and the gifts in his book. One ambitious boy wanted "spenders and boots like papa's;" but as he was still in skirts and had not yet come to Knickerbockers, Santa Claus told him he could have them if his mother said so. When they had all been heard they scampered away full of bright anticipations, while a crowd of older ones rushed in their places, and the fairies could only hear a medly of skates and story-books, sleds and necklaces, balls and finger-rings, marbles, tops and china sets, puzzles, pictures and confections, bicycles, mufflers and mittens, rubber boots, pocket knives and Canary birds; till finally they too had all been heard and turned away, while a lot of tall boys and girls modestly approached, and the fairies could only catch such words as watches and bracelets, ponies and books, shot guns and writing desks, aquariums and drawing-cases, brooches and magazines, stereoscopes and albums, till they in turn retired; except a group of half a

dozen boys who were still standing, hesitating to speak until their friends should be quite out of hearing. The eldest then explained that they had formed themselves into a club to see what they could do toward brightening the lives of a few unfortunate and afflicted persons whom they knew of, and that therefore they would like their Christmas gifts to be such as they could use in this way: they had some spending money of their own that they should put together to buy either a wheeled chair or a clothes-wringer, they didn't yet know which, there were so many things they wanted for those in great need, and they couldn't supply all unless somebody surprised them with help. But for their own gifts they would like such things as oranges, canned fruits, an easy chair, a foot-warmer, a woolen wrapper and some pot plants in bloom.

Santa Claus listened attentively, but seemed to have a terrible time with the dust or something that had got into his eyes and nose too, it appeared, by the way he kept applying his handkerchief. But he finally told them that their requests should be remembered. As they turned away his secretary dwarf heard him saying: "Pity there were not more such boys!"

Just then a youngster came sidling up saying that he didn't come with the others because his mother said he couldn't have a gift this Christmas; and now he wanted to know if he couldn't have one any way.

"Have a pretty hard time with your mother, don't you?" inquired Santa Claus.

"Yes, sir; I do."

"Wants you to do chores and go errands, watch baby sometimes, and wait on her if she's sick, so that she manages to have an easy time herself; sits around and don't do much?"

"Taint exactly that way, sir; but—"

"O, I see; never let's you do anything you want to?"

"Not very often."

"And when she does, she ought to know better? Let's you go swimming when you're sure to get drowned, and skating when she knows the ice is too thin, and when you're not well gives you confections and trash to eat that are sure to make you worse, don't she?"

"Tain't hardly that way either."

Then Santa Claus fell to studying with his head on his hand. Presently he threw it up with a jerk, saying:

"Ah, now I know; yes, yes, I see, I see; poor boy! didn't like to say it outright. Now I have it. You wan't a new mother for a Christmas present?"

"Oh, no! not that! not that! Besides my papa wouldn't like it."

"He wouldn't? Well then what do you want?"

"O, no difference now; I guess I don't want anything." And he twirled on his heel and was gone. Santa Claus looked after him and wondered if he wouldn't earn a present yet before Christmas.

And now the young men and maidens, and the few older ones present began to go forward, but the fairies noticed the declining sun, and could remain no longer lest night overtake them. So wending their way outward they were soon on their homeward journey. They parted just outside the gates of Nod Land, and Goldinore went to her own home, after promising to return again very soon. What puzzled them both was, that though the holidays seemed to be very near in Dreamland, yet outside in their own country it was still early summer, with many things about them hinting of work still to be done.

THE SHADOW GAME.

MR. VICK:—I've known of children who used to play the shadow game at Christmas time, and found it a very nice way of getting candies and such like dainties, and as you are great friends with all the children, I know you will let me tell them, with the aid of an illus-

The audience consists of the mothers and fathers, the grandfathers and grandmothers, the big sisters, the cousins and the aunts, with perhaps a few invited guests. These are seated



on one side of the screen, while the children occupy the other side as a stage. The children now disguise themselves as best they can with shawls, hats, bonnets, and such like, belonging to the grown people. The lights are all put out, except one good lamp set on the floor, or on a box, at the back of the screen. When all is ready, the children pass one by one between



tration, how it is played. It will perhaps afford some innocent pleasure for the holidays.

A sheet is stretched upon a frame made for the purpose, and set across the room. When there are double parlors, it is a good plan to open the folding doors and hang the sheet in their place,

the light and the screen. The audience in turn must guess from the shadow on the screen who it is that is passing behind it, and every time they make a mistake they must pay a forfeit. What with odd garments, umbrellas, canes, limping and the like, the children succeed in

making lots of fun and getting lots of forfeits. J. W., *New York.*

Our correspondent gives a very pretty game for the holidays in his shadow pictures, but we well remember a shadow picture which we saw some years ago when traveling in the mountains of California. The inns are not as elegant as those in San Francisco or New York, and many of them are abandoned in winter, and 'are entirely buried in snow until spring. The partitions between the rooms are of white cotton cloth, and guests usually retire without a light to prevent making shadow pictures on these screens. The little engraving shows what we once saw at a little stopping place on the way to the Yosemite Valley.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Come on, girls; I know where to get lots of berries. Hurry up, Posie, and don't go off after every bunch of feathers you see. That's nothing but a winter-wren in the bushes; we have plenty of them at home."

"Do stop, just a minute, Dick, I want to see if it really is a Wren; I think it is some kind of a Sparrow." So the three children stood perfectly motionless, "pointing," Dick said, and the little bird allowed itself to be inspected.

It was not "the least bit like a Wren except perhaps in color, for it was of a rich reddish brown, a warmer tint than the hue of the Wren's coat; it hopped about on the ground and through the bushes "just for all the world like our Song-Sparrows," as Patty whispered to Dick. But it was not streaked gray and russet like the Song-Sparrow and was larger.

"I have it, Patty!" shouted Dick, just as the bird took flight.

"Why, no, you haven't, yonder it goes across the wheat-field."

"I mean I know what it is."

"I think it is some sort of a Sparrow, for it acted just like all the Sparrows I know," said Patty thoughtfully.

"So it is. It is the Fox-Sparrow. I remember reading about it and, besides, Cousin Lavinia told me to look out for him this winter."

"That is another Sparrow that we are acquainted with; that makes seven altogether."

"I don't think we are much acquainted with it yet, Posie; we have only seen it once, but I think I should know it again by sight."

"O! I'll warrant you'll know him fast enough, you sober old Patty," laughed Dick as they went on their way across the winter fields.

It was the first week in December and there was no snow, although there had been several snow storms in November, but a mild spell had succeeded the cold snap, and the children were eager to get to the fields before another snow came, so Aunt Martha put up a substantial luncheon in a strong wicker-basket, and they

started full of glee and laughter. They were in the Hill Farm lot when they came across the Fox-Sparrow, just out of sight of the Bird's Nest, as Aunt Martha's snug gray cottage was pretty generally called, though to tell the truth some ill-natured folks have been known to suggest the Hornet's Nest, as more appropriate, owing to a certain peppery quality supposed to inhere in Aunt Martha's disposition.

The day was one of those mild gray days, that often come to soften the asperity of the winter season in the Middle States. There was not a breeze stirring, nor a gleam of sunshine, and the clouds hung low over the hills and a pale vapor filled the valleys. The fields were gray too, where they were not newly plowed, and to a grown person there would doubtless have been a sadness as of death in the colorless landscape and somber sky, but not so to the bevy of little folks who went gaily forth in quest of berries for the bird's Christmas tree. They ran and skipped and chatted like a flock of wild things. At last they came to a lovely field with a natural hedge-row of various vines and bushes thickly woven and matted together with trees at intervals. On the far side was a wild ravine with a brook and rocks, and evergreens here and there among the deciduous trees.

"O! Dick, this is splendid! what heaps and heaps of berries," cried the excitable Posie, while Patty glanced carefully around in search of a good luncheon-table.

Dick, too, was thinking of the same thing, and he and Patty both spied the right spot at the same moment; a nice smooth log, with a stump for a table beside it was just the place, and they took possession at once. While they spread the cloth, a large red bordered napkin, Posie gathered some frost-grapes and red haws for dessert. The grapes were most of them on the ground and rather soft, and the haws were not so palatable as they looked, but no matter, there was plenty to eat in the basket, great slices of bread and butter and loaf-cake, and some cold roast chicken, and three large rosy-cheeked apples. Aunt Martha knew how to pack a lunch-basket for children, that was certain. After the basket was empty the children proceeded to fill it again with the wild fruits of the hedge-row, poke-berries, haws, frost grapes, Green-brier berries in little round clusters, and the seeds of the poison-ivy that looked like tiny bunches of white grapes. The haws had most of them fallen from the little thorn-trees and lay like a shower of rubies upon the ground, but the dark greenish berries of the Green-brier clung fast to the vines, and so did the fruit of the poison-ivy, and they looked so pretty it seemed almost a pity to gather them.

After the basket was packed as full as possible with berries, ferns, acorns, and pebbles from the brook, the children sat down in the glen to rest awhile before starting for home, for after exhausting the treasures of the wild hedge-row they had clambered over it and explored the ravine. While sitting quite still under some pine trees, eating partridge-berries, a flock of winter-birds came to the same place, attracted by the store of fruit and the water in the brook. The children were full of delight at the spectacle of hundreds of birds of many varieties fluttering in every direction, but they kept perfectly motionless with the exception of their eyes; these rolled around rather wildly I must confess. There were Snow-birds glancing everywhere, showing a great deal of white plumage, black and white Wood-peckers, running up the old oak trees, and splendid Blue-Jays looking so large and regal among the small birds; and as for Gold-finches, there seemed one for every weed, and the hedge-row was alive with Wrens and Sparrows, Song Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, and a few Fox Sparrows.

The little featherless bipeds, after watching the party for a long time and taking many mental notes for Cousin Lavinia's benefit, crept noiselessly away, and left the birds to feast in peace.

"And did they really trim a Christmas tree for the birds?"

Certainly; and I wish you could have seen it, I am sure you would never rest until you had one like it.

They chose a young Evergreen tree in full view of the sitting-room windows, and on it they hung their berries and it looked pretty, I assure you; they strung the haws like beads, and Patty hunted up some cocoons of various sorts for the Wrens and hid them among the berries, and Dick tied a piece of suet to the body of the tree for the Wood-peckers, and that was the Christmas Turkey. And what rapture it was to the children to watch the birds feasting on that tree! They would sit at the window gazing until Aunt Martha used to tell them their eyes would drop out of their heads, if they did not rest them a spell.—E. A. M., *Green Tree, Pa.*

THE LAST NUMBER FOR 1880.—As is very proper, we devote more than usual of this last number of the year, the Christmas number, to the interests of the young people. Christmas is of all days in the year the children's day, so we thought it well to make this number peculiar in that respect—a children's number, and we trust our young people will derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal. We hope to continue our acquaintance another year.

PAMPAS GRASS.

The *Gynerium argenteum*, or Pampas Grass, as it is called, because abounding in the vast plains or Pampas of South America, is the most beautiful of all our ornamental grasses. It is not hardy north of Philadelphia or New York, but the beautiful feathery plumes can be obtained of florists. This grass is cultivated in



California, solely for its plumes, which there grows in the greatest perfection. We have them now three feet in length, and of great beauty, and this we have with some success endeavored to show on our colored plate. This grass was brought to this country and Europe about thirty years since, and is now used as an ornamental plant wherever it can be successfully grown.

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

A little girl of California sent us forty-five cents for half a year for the MAGAZINE, and the time seemed so long before receiving the first number that she became impatient and wrote us: "I have learned nothing from my letter and have not received the book. I am a little girl only thirteen years old, living with my grandma in the Coast Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey. I took great pleasure in the seeds you sent me, and have raised some nice plants from them. The specimen number of the MAGAZINE was so interesting that I regret not receiving some more. Won't you please try to find out what is the matter?"—B. MCQ.

A LITTLE OREGON GIRL.

We have one subscriber in Oregon that we are proud of, and she wrote to us one day last September that her mother had taken the MAGAZINE for her sister LULU last year, but could not afford to take it for 1881, so, she says, "I sold Apples to get the money, and you must excuse the writing, for I am only ten years old, and I must tell you about ma's flowers. They were beautiful. The Japan Lily had four flowers. It was four feet in height, and the flower twelve inches across." To reward CARRIE for her enterprise, we sent her one of our nicest chromos, which we hope will travel to North Yamhill, Oregon, without injury.

PREMIUMS.

Some of our friends have suggested that we offer premiums for obtaining subscribers. As a slight compensation to those who labor among their neighbors in getting up clubs, we propose to give one of our FLORAL CHROMOS, on paper, to every one who sends us a club of *Five Subscribers*; and for *Twelve Subscribers* one of our CHROMOS ON CLOTH AND STRETCHER, both sent postage free. To any person sending us *Twenty Subscribers* we will forward by express, expressage paid by us, one of our FLORAL CHROMOS NICELY FRAMED IN WALNUT AND GILT. All to be at club rates—\$1 each.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1881.

This number completes the MAGAZINE for 1880. We think it has been pretty good this year, but shall make it better next. Many subscribers would do us and their friends and neighborhood a favor by getting up a club of five or more. It would make a great change in the appearance of the little gardens next year. Then the MAGAZINE costs only a dollar a year, and twelve numbers and twelve colored plates are a good deal for a dollar. And, in addition, we make the getter-up of the club a present of one of our beautiful *Floral Chromos*.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1881.

Our FLORAL GUIDE for 1881 will be ready to send out early in December. It will be the handsomest work of the kind published—about 120 pages hundreds of elegant illustrations, and a colored plate. We design to make a Christmas present of a copy to every one of our subscribers, but if, accidentally, any one is missed, please send a postal card. The book is sent, postage paid, to any address, for ten cents; to MAGAZINE subscribers, free.

SEND IN NAMES EARLY.

It will be a great convenience if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions and send in their clubs early. It will aid us very much in arranging our books, save a liability to mistakes and enable us to send the January number so that you will have it to read Christmas Day, or at least can look at the pictures, if you are too happy to read.

NOT A BAD HOLIDAY PRESENT.

A subscription to our MAGAZINE would not be a bad holiday present. Our price is so low that we do not feel as though we were pleading our own cause when urging people to subscribe. It is so ridiculously low that one of the popular magazines refused to publish our advertisement with the price attached, on any terms.

BINDING THE MAGAZINE.

We will bind the MAGAZINE in nice cloth covers, for any subscriber, for 50 cents, and return the book, with the postage or expressage prepaid by us. Please give your name on the package when sent, so that we may know to whom it belongs.

CLOTH COVERS FOR MAGAZINE.

We will furnish elegant cloth covers for the MAGAZINE, to our subscribers, for 25 cents each, and prepay postage. Any bookbinder can put on these covers at a trifling expense.

COLORED PLATES.

Our colored plates are so handsome that many persons are tempted to take them out of the numbers of the MAGAZINE for framing. Please don't do it, for it spoils a handsome volume. We will send our subscribers any colored plate they desire, that has been published in the MAGAZINE, for five cents each.

A GARDEN BOOK.

Besides this MAGAZINE we publish VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, an elegant work, with numerous illustrations and six beautiful colored plates—five of flowers and one of vegetables. It is a book of 170 pages. Price, 50 cents bound in paper covers; \$1 bound in cloth.

BOUNDED VOLUMES OF THE MAGAZINE.

Bound volumes of the MAGAZINE make splendid Holiday Presents. We can furnish volumes from the commencement, 1878, 1879, and 1880, beautifully bound, for \$1.75 each, or the three for \$5.00. Bound volumes for 1880 will be ready by the 10th of December.

EXTRA COPIES.

We shall continue to send extra copies of the MAGAZINE to any address our subscribers may send us, for ten cents each. Many persons wish to send a copy of the MAGAZINE to some friend on account of an article or illustration, but dislike to lose a number from the volume.

LOST NUMBERS.

This number completes the volume for 1880. If any number has failed to reach any subscriber during the year, and the volume is thus incomplete, please send us a postal card, stating what number you need, and it shall be forwarded.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

To those who wish to get up clubs, we will send specimen numbers free, so that they may not soil their own copies, which should be kept clean for binding.

